

breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hangd,  
hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gadshill.* Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

*1 Car.* Nay by God soft, I know a trick worth two of that I faith.

*Gad.* I pray thee lend me thine.

*2 Car.* I, when, canst tell: lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile see thee hangd first.

*Gad.* Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

*2 Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho: Chamberlaine.

*Cham.* At hand quoth picke-purse.

*Gad.* That's euē as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine, for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a knd of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falshood may.

*Ga.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, & thou knowest he is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak, and speak sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (zoundes) Ile lie, for they pray continually to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their booties? will she hold out water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Ferneseede, wee walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Ostler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.*

*Poin.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remou'd Falstaf's horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaf'sse.*

*Fals.* Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

*Fals.* What Poynes, Hal?

*Prim.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

*Fals.* I am accur'd to rob in that theeues companie, the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further afoote, I shal breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly any time this xxii. yeare, and yet I am bewitcht